Eng. Poetry vol 27

THE ODE FOR THE BIRTH-DAY. 1723.

5. t. 7. t. 2.

THE ODE FOR THE BIRTH-DAY, MDCCXXIII. IN ENGLISH AND LATIN.

——Se ben' acquiſtar puoi novi Imperi,
Acquiſtar nova Gloria indarno ſperi.

TASSO.

Talem nulla refert antiquis Pagina Libris,
Nec Latiæ *cecinêre Tubæ, nec* Græca *Vetuſtas.*

CLAUDIAN.

Written by L. EUSDEN Eſq;
Servant to his MAJESTY.

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed at the UNIVERSITY-PRESS, and Sold there by CORN. CROWNFIELD; and by JACOB TONSON in the *Strand*, and JOHN GRAVES in St. *James's* Street. *LONDON.* 1723. May.

ODE

FOR THE

BIRTH-DAY,

MDCCXXIII.

IN

ENGLISH.

AND

LATIN.

—— Sy bon' regnaffur puci mori Impevi,
Aeqnaffar nova Gloria indarno Ipevi.

TASSO.

Tales nulla vefert mutatis Pagina Libris,
Nec Latia recipere Tuba, nec Graca Verfus.

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BIRTH-DAY.

1723.

RECITATIVO.

HAIL to the lov'd, returning, glorious *Day*!
Let *Phœbus* gild it with a brighter Ray:
Long may We joy to ſee it ſmiling riſe,
And long great BRUNSWIC want his kindred Skies.

AIR.

Breath the Haut-boy, touch the Lyre,
Melting Harmony inſpire!
Let no clouded Brow be found
In the glittering, pompous Round.
Muſic! gently fan Love's Fire,
Welcome *Mirth*, and young *Deſire*,
Breath the Haut-boy, touch the Lyre,
Melting Harmony inſpire!

ODE
IN
DIEM NATALEM
REGIS, 1723,
Latinè reddita.

SALVE, *chara Dies*, redeuntis Tu Decus Anni!
Te radians ſpargat meliori Lumine *Titan*;
Serò tui mœſtis fœdentur Nubibus Ortus,
Serò Cognatis ſe GEORGIUS inſerat Aſtris

Pulſentur Citharæ, Tibia perſonet,
Mulcete *Aoniis* Cantibus Æthera;
Abſit læta parum Frontis Acerbitas
Solenni hoc Juvenum Nobilium Choro
Mixto Virginibus: mollis Anhelitus
Agnoſcat tremulo Corde *Cupidinem.*
O quàm dulce Melos! Luſus amabilis!
O grati Comites, & *Venus*, & *Joci!*
Pulſentur Citharæ, Tibia perſonet,
Mulcete *Aoniis* Cantibus Æthera!

RECITATIVO.

To Him, what Numbers ſhall we bring,
In equal Numbers, whom no *Muſe* can ſing?
To Him, what deathleſs Trophy raiſe,
Who, all tranſcending, nobly ſcorns all Praiſe?
In pleaſing Wonder loſt we ſee,
How lovely Virtue ſhines in MAJESTY!

AIR.

Still let Nations, freed, reſound Him,
Guardian Angels ſtill ſurround Him,
Crown Him with the ſweeteſt Pleaſure
Without End, and without Meaſure,
Let no treacherous Foe confound Him,
Still let Nations, freed, reſound Him,
Guardian Angels ſtill ſurround Him!

RECITATIVO.

But hear! the yelling *Furies* rave;
How widely yawns th' *Avernian* Cave!
See! *Treaſon* from the Realms of Night
Up-rears her Head, a hideous Spright!
The Monſter, pale with guilty Fears,
No ſooner ſpy'd, but diſappears.

AIR.

Plectro quali Ille canendus,
Qui longè ſuperat *Muſarum* Carmina factis?
Quos Huic referemus Honores,
Qui, ſublime volans, Famam poſt Terga relinquit?
Sordent Præconia Laudum;
Fixis miremur Ocellis,
Purpureo nutrita Sinu, & Diademate cincta,
Virtus quàm pulchra refulget!

Te Gentes reſonent Vinc'lis ſolutæ,
Et Te ſyderei ſervent Alumni.
Sic Tu Deliciis uſque invidendis
Felix, atque magis felix fruâre,
Nequaquam Jaculo læſus doloſo.
Te Gentes reſonent Vinc'lis ſolutæ,
Et Te ſyderei ſervent Alumni.

Fallor? an rauco *Eumenidum* furore
Flumina, & Sylvæ reboant? olentes
Latiùs fauces aperit profundo
Gurgite *Avernus*.
En! ab horrendis *Erebi* tenebris
Clanculùm ad Mundi melioris Auram
Suſtulit ſe PRODITIO nefanda,
Triſtis Imago.
Quale Portentum! maleſuada Noctis
Filia! ut primùm patefacta turpi
Adſtitit Vultu, tremuit, metuque
Pallida fugit.

O!

AIR.

O! Traytors, odious Train!
Of public Bliss the Bane!
With pious Leer demure,
Fain would they stab secure.
An outward Ease they wear,
But pant with inward Care,
Their Dreams new Horrors bring,
They fly a vengeful KING.
O! Traytors, odious Train!
Of public Bliss the Bane!

CHORUS.

'Tis CAROLINA all their Hopes destroys,
The fruitful Mother of our Joys!
Still may the ROYAL PROGENY appear
Encreas'd by every circling Year;
Still let kind Heaven display each dark Design,
Shield BRUNSWIC, and his godlike LINE:
Thus We for Blessings on *BRITANNIA* pray;
BRITANNIA! ever blest, if *THEY.*

FINIS.

O! *Proditores*, abjectiſſimum Pecus!
Felicitati publicæ gravis Lues!
Vultus modeſtè demittunt Solo pios,
Quò tutiùs manu Ferrum latens agant.
Mentes quietas fictis Oribus gerunt
Extrà, ſed intùs Curæ Pectora opprimunt.
Terrentur ipſis ſomniis inanibus,
Et, PRINCIPE irato, vagantur Exules.
O! *Proditores*, abjectiſſimum Pecus!
Felicitati publicæ gravis Lues!

CHORUS.

Horum ſcilicet improbam
Spem ſcindit CAROLINA, illa Parens ferax
Noſtræ Lætitiæ: audiat
Annis uſque novis ILLIUS, ILLIUS
Proles Prole novâ amplior.
Cæcas Inſidias, & tacitos Dolos
Sic ſemper DEUS explicet,
HOC REGALE GENUS ſic placidus tegat
Semper: tuta BRITANNIA
Pro ſe ſolicitas non iterat Preces,
Non eſt Terra beatior,
HÆC, HÆC ſi modò STIRPS DIA beata ſit.

FINIS.

O! Proditores, nolefallimus Deos!
Felicitas publicæ gravis Luci!
Vultus modeſtè demittamus olo pios,
Quò tutiùs manus Terram lucris aguat.
Menres quietas fidis Orbis Curis
Furit, ted intùs Cura Lucra opprimunt.
Terrentur ipſis fontibus Fulmina,
Et PRINCIPES [illegible] Fraudes.
O! Proditores, [illegible] Deos!
Felicitas publicæ gravis Luci!

CHORUS.

Horum felicet improbam
Spem fraudis CAROLINA, illa Furens ferax
Nolfre Lucius: audiat
Annis ulque novis ILIUS ILLIUS
Roles Prole novâ amplior.
Curas lubdita, & vacios Dolos
Sic femper DEUS explicet,
HOC REGALE GENUS ſic placidus regat
Semper: tuta BRITANNIA
Pro fe foliciss non ſtetur Troes,
Non eſt Terra beatior,
HAEC, HAEC ſi modò STIRPS DIA ſeura ſit.

FINIS.